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were it.

"My name's Alexander Trummia. and I've been seeven year at the trade and twenty afore that herdin' on Lei then water. My freends ca' me Ecky and whiles Specky, for I wear glasses. bein' weak i' the sicht. Just you speak the surveyor fair and ca' him sir, and he'll be fell pleased. I'll be back or midday."

I borrowed his spectacles and filthy old hat; stripped off coat, waistcoat and collar and gave him them to carry home; borrowed, too, the foul stump of a clay pipe as an extra property.

He indicated my simple task and without more ado set off at an amble bedward. Bed may bave been his chief object, but I think there was also something left in the foot of a bottle. I prayed that he might be safe under cover before my friends arrived on the

Then I set to work to dress for the I opened the collar of my shirt-iv



I Took Up the Barrow and Began My

such as plowmen wear-and revealed a neck as brown as any tinker's. I rolled up my sleeves, and there was a forearm that might have been a blacksmith's sunburnt and rough with old scars. I got my boots and trouser legs all white from the dust of the road and hitched up my trousers, tying them with string below the knee.

Then I set to work on my face. With a handful of dust I made a watermark round my neck-the place where Mr. Trummle's Sunday ablutions might be of dirt also into the sunburn of my cheeks. A roadman's eyes would, no doubt, be a little inflamed, so I contrived to get some dust in both of mine, and by dint of vigorous rubbing produced a bleary effect.

The sandwiches Sir Harry had given me had gone off with my coat, but the roadman's lunch, tied in a red handkerchief, was at my disposal.

I ate with great relish several of the thick slabs of scone and cheese and

_____ drank a little of the cold tea. In the handkerchief was a local paper tied with string and addressed to Mr. Turnbull-obviously meant to solace his midday leisure. I did up the bundle again and put the paper conspicu-

ously beside it. My boots did not satisfy me, but by of eyes that missed nothing. dint of kicking among the stone I reduced them to the granite-like surface which characterizes a roadman's footgear. Then I bit and scraped my finger nails till the edges were all cracked and uneven. The men I was matched against would miss no detail.

I broke one of the boot laces and re-



I Confronted Three Pairs of Eyes That Missed Nothing.

other so that my thick gray socks buiged over the uppers. Still no sign of anything on the road. The motor I had observed half an hour ago must have gone home.

My toilet complete, I took up the barrow and began my journeys to and

I remember an old scout in Rhodesia who had done many queer things in

So I shut off all other thoughts and switched them on the road mending. I thought of the little white cottage as my home. I recalled the years I had spent herding on Leithen Water. I made my mind dwell lovingly on sleep in a box bed and a bottle of cheap whisky. Still nothing appeared

his day, once telling me that the se

cret of playing a part was to think

yourself into it. You could never keep

it up, he said, unless you could man-

age to convince yourself that you

on that long white road. Now and then a sheep wandered off the heather to stare at me. A heron flopped down to a pool in the stream and started to fish, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a milestone. On I went trundling my loads of stone with the heavy step of the professional.

Soon I grew warm, and the dust on my face changed into solid and abiding grit. I was already counting the hours till evening should put a limit to

Mr. Turnbull's monotonous toil. Suddenly a crisp voice spoke from the road, and, looking up, I saw a little two seated car and a round faced young man in a bowler hat.

"Are you Alexander Turnbull?" he asked. "I am the new county road surveyor. You live at Blackhopefoot and have charge of the section from Laidlawbyres to the Riggs? Good! A fair bit of road, Turnbull, and not badly engineered. A little soft about a mile off, and the edges want cleaning. See you look after that. Good morning. You'll know me the next time

you see me. Clearly my getup was good enough for the dreaded surveyor. I went on with my work, and as the morning grew toward noon I was

cheered by a little traffic. A baker's van breasted the hill and sold me a bag of ginger biscults, which I stowed in my trousers pockets against emergencies. Then a herd passed with sheep and disturbed me somewhat by asking budly, "What has become o Specky?"

"In bed wi' the colic," I replied, and

the herd passed on. Just about midday a big car stole down the hill, glided past and drew up a hundred yards beyond. Its three occupants 'descended, as if to stretch their legs, and sauntered toward me. Two of the men I had seen before from the window of the Galloway inn. one lean, sharp, dark; the other com-

fortable and smiling. The third had the look of a countryman, a vet. perhaps, or a small farmer. He was pass unremarked. dressed in ill cut knickerbockers, and the eye in his head was as bright and

wary as a hen's. "Morning," said the last. "That's a fine, easy job o' yours." I had not looked up on their approach, and now when accosted I slowly and painfully straightened my back,

after the manner of roadmen; spat vig-I enjoyed that evening's ride. We orously, after the manner of the low Scot, and regarded them steadily before replying. I confronted three pairs

"There's waur jobs, and there's better," I said sententiously. "I wad rather hae yours, sittin' a' day on your hinderlands on thae cushions. It's you and your muckle cawrs that wreck my roads! If we a' had oor richts

you sud be made to mend what ye break!" The bright eyed man was looking at

the newspaper lying beside Turnbull's bundle. "I see you get your papers in good

time," he said. I glanced at it casually. "Aye, in good time. Seein' that that paper came out last Setterday, I'm just fower

He picked it up, glanced at the superscription and laid it down again. One of the others had been looking at my boots, and a word in German called the speaker's attention to them. "You've a fine taste in boots," he

said. "Those were never made by a country shoemaker." "They were not," I said readily. "They were made in London. I got them frae the gentleman that was an unholy liar, a shameless impostor here last year for the shootin'. What and a highwayman with a marked was his name now?" And I scratched taste for expensive motorcars.

a forgetful head. Again the sleek one spoke in Ger man. "Let us get on," he said. "This fellow is all right."

They asked one last question: "Did you see any one pass early

this morning? He might be on a bicycle or he might be on foot." I very nearly fell into the trap and

told a story of a bicyclist hurrying past Those were in Mr. Turnbull's keeping in the gray dawn. But I had the as was Scudder's little book, my watch sense to see my danger. I pretended and, worst of all, my pipe and tobacco to consider very deeply.

"I wasna up very early," I sald. "Ye see my dochter was merrit last nicht of ginger biscuits in my trouser pocket. and we keepit it up late. I opened the house door about seeven-and there was naebody on the road then. Since I cam up here there has been just the nent attorney of Albany, was appointbaker and the Ruchill herd, besides ed general counsel for the State Exyou gentlemen."

One of them gave me a cigar, which I smelled ginger and stuck in Turnfrom the quarry, a hundred yards off | bull's bundle. They got into their car

and were out of sight in three minutes. My heart leaped with an enormous relief, but I went on wheeling my stones. It was as well, for ten minutes later the car returned-one of the occupants waving a hand to me. These

gentry left nothing to chance. I finished Turnbull's bread and cheese, and pretty soon I had finished the stones. The next step was what puzzled me.

I could not keep up this road making business for long. A merciful Provi-dence had kept Mr. Turnbull indoors, but if he appeared on the scene there would be trouble. I had a notion that the cordon was still tight round the glen and that if I walked in any direction I should meet with questioners. But get out I must. No man's nerve could stand more than a day of being spied on.

I stayed at my post till about 5 o'clock. By that time I had resolved to go down to Turnbull's cottage at nightfall and take my chance of getting over the hills in the darkness. But suddenly a new car came up the road and slowed down to stop a short distance from ma. A fresh wind had risen, and the occupant wanted to light a cigarette.

It was a touring car with the tonneau full of an assortment of baggage. One man sat in it, and by an amazing chance I knew him. His name was Launcelot Brown, and he was an offense to creation. He was a sort of blood stockbroker who did his business by toadying to eldest sons and rich young peers and foolish old ladies.

"Lancie" was a familiar figure, 1 understood, at balls and polo weeks SAFES-Net and second hand; ofand country houses. He was an adroit scandalmonger and would crawl a mile on his belly to anything that had a title or a million. I had a business introduction to his firm when I came to London, and he was good enough to ask me to dinner at his club.

There he showed off at a great rate and pattered about his duchesses till the snobbery of the creature turned me sick. I asked a man afterward why nobody kicked him and was told that Englishmen reverenced the weaker

Anyhow, there he was now, nattily dressed, in a fine new car, obviously on his way to visit some of his fine friends. A sudden daftness took me. and in a second I had jumped into the tonneau and had him by the shoulder. "Hello, Brown!" I sang out. "Well met, my lad!"

He got a horrid fright. His chin dropped as he stared at me. "Who the devil are you?" he gasped. "My name's Hannay," I said, "from Rhodesia, you remember."

"Good God - the murderer!" he choked. "Just so. And there'll be a second

bid you. Give me that coat of yours. That cap too." He did as he was bid, for he was blind with terror. Over my dirty trousers and vulgar shirt I put on his smart driving coat, which buttoned high at the top and thereby hid the

murder, my dear, if you don't do as I

deficiencies of my collar. I stuck the cap on my head and added his gloves to my getup. The dusty roadman in a minute was transformed into one of the neatest motorists in Scotland. On Mr. Launcelot Brown's head I clapped Turnbull's unspeakable

hat and told him to keep it there. Then with some difficulty I turned the car. My plan was to go back the road he had come, for the watchers, having seen it before, would let it

"Now, my child," I said, "sit quite still and be a good boy. I mean you no harm. I'm only borrowing your car for an hour or two. But if you play me any tricks, and, above all, if you open your mouth, as sure as there's a God above me I'll wring your neck!

ran eight miles down the valley. through a village or two, and I could not help noticing several strange looking folk lounging by the roadside. These were the watchers who would

have had much to say to me if I had come in other garb or company. As it was, they looked incuriously on. One

touched his cap in salute, and I responded graciously.

As the dark fell I turned up a side glen which, as I remembered from the map, led into an unfrequented corner of the hills. Soon the villages were left behind, then the farms and then even the wayside cottages. Presently we came to a lonely moor, where the night was blackening the sunset gleam in the bog pools. Here we stopped. and I obligingly reversed the car and restored to Mr. Launcelot Brown his belongings.

"A thousand thanks," I said. "There's more use in you than I thought. Now.

be off and find the police." As I sat on the hillside watching the tail light dwindle I reflected on the various kinds of crime I had now sampled. Contrary to general belief, I was not a murderer, but I had become

CHAPTER VIII. The Bald Archeologist's Adventure.

SPENT the night on a shelf of the hillside in the lee of a bowlder where the heather grew long and soft. It was a cold business, for I had neither coat nor waistcoat pouch. Only my money accompatie! me in my belt and about half a pound (To Be Continued.)

Judge J. Sheldon Frost, a promicise Department.

> GRADUATION BASKETS AND BOUQUETS. JOHN RECK & SON.

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ANNUAL SUPPER and entertainment given by St. Anthony's Parish at their hall, Colorado avenue, Thursday evening, June 22nd. Supper served from 5 to 8 p. m. R 29 d*

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DR. MANSFIELD, the foot specialist, 1107 Main street over Dillon's, who was injured in the Milford wreck will resume practic; first week of June.

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R 18 u*5

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